

SAMARA



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SAMARA

JUNE, 1958



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS

Head Mistress' Letter

My Dear Girls:

There is a saying by Santayana, "Prison walls fall for the Christian." How true! For the Christian lives in two worlds at the same time—the world outside and the world within. Both are important and we must make a success of both. If, however, we put too much emphasis on the material or the world of things, it may be taken from us at any moment. On the other hand, the world inside us will stay with us wherever we go. Just because we can't lose it, we must give it its true value and make it as rich and beautiful as we can.

A well-stored mind prevents defeat. And yet, how many of you lack respect for honest work and fail to think things out for yourselves. What is the use of accumulating facts if you can't master these facts to solve your personal problems, and those of your friends and acquaintances?

Cultivate your mind—read, listen, think! Take an interest in books, in music, in art. Keep in touch with the masterpieces of the past and remember that our times are only a small portion of the living whole.

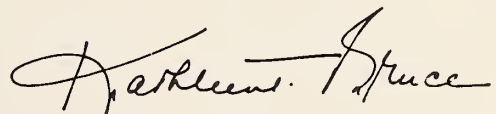
The way to follow has been paved for us by the great philosophers of the past. If we can sift their thoughts, and arrive at our own conclusions; if we can set standards for ourselves; if we can maintain an interest in learning so that we ever desire to find Truth; then we can double our action in life because our minds will be secure.

There are three thoughts upon which I should like you to meditate. They are keys to successful living:

- (1) "It is better to struggle against difficulties than to have everything you wish."
- (2) "He who is neither anxious to please nor afraid to displease men enjoys true peace. All unrest of heart and distraction of mind spring from disorderly affections and groundless fears."
- (3) "He is truly great, who is great in the love of God. He is truly great, who is humble in mind and regards earth's highest honours as nothing. He is truly wise who counts all earthly things as of no account in order that he may win Christ. And he is truly learned who renounces his own will for the will of God."

Thomas à Kempis wrote these words six centuries ago. They have stood the test of time. May they be reflected in your lives is the sincere wish of your Headmistress.

Affectionately yours,



Editorial

Probably we have all wondered at one time or another why closing exercises are called commencement exercises. As a result, many of us have been convinced that commencement means "end," rather than "beginning." When we were very little, all it meant was "No more pencils, no more books." As we grow older, although we still often associate it with an immediate holiday, it takes on added and deeper meaning each year, until, finally, when it is time to leave school, its significance becomes sad and almost awe-inspiring.

In a way, we would be almost justified in having a moment of nervous indecision. The goals we set for ourselves now will almost certainly affect our future permanently. It is up to us, ourselves alone, to pause at this stage of our lives, and decide, once and for all, what our ideals are going to be, and what principles we are going to try to live by. All of us will have a bit of reforming to do. Most of us will probably do it. Some of us will do it better than others, and by the time we reach old age—no, even before we finish preparing for careers—perhaps none of us will have achieved what she considers true success. No wonder so much emphasis is placed on this period of a student's life!

What constitutes a worthwhile life? We can't all be brilliant in schoolwork, in sports, or in dramatics. We can't all be openly religious with a breath-taking grasp of philosophy. If we have even one of these qualities, we usually feel pretty satisfied with ourselves. It is a great temptation to let the rest "ride" as we usually do, either because we just cannot be bothered, or because somehow we honestly cannot see how it could be as important as that.

From now on, we are really on our own. We must decide what really *matters* to us. If, when we are seventy-two years old, we suddenly decide we have not been doing what we really wanted to in life, it may be too late. Even if we can still be successful Albert Schweitzers, think of all the precious time wasted on the wrong track!

This is it. This is the zero hour. Since we are all different, each will have to choose her path differently, but all our goals will have one thing in common: the desire to please others, if only for our personal satisfaction. We will not have the same demands on us, but there will be crises to face and measure up to for everyone. Only we can tell how we are going to do this, but we must never make the mistake of thinking we can do it by ourselves. We need faith, not only in God, as we have been told all our lives, but in ourselves and our ability. As we reach the final years of school, we find that our awareness of our capabilities is something relatively new. No longer are we children, ardently worshipping and bitterly criticizing the older girls. As we take on new responsibilities, we become more self-reliant, and more tolerant of others. We need others to succeed.

And so here we are, on the prophetic "threshold of life." What does it mean to you? Does it mean merely that we and our descendants will be left to cope with a crazy era of rockets and "baby moons," and so eat, drink, and be merry? No doubt everyone who has ever finished school, in any time, has come up occasionally with this thought. Yet, somehow, the bungling world goes on, and in spite of our morbid thoughts, the world has always eventually emerged a bit brighter, and a lot more appreciated.

We won't all be famous international figures. Perhaps none of us will be. Commencement? Commencement of what? Whatever it may be, let us go on, resolved to give life nothing but our best, to appreciate all those around us, and—above all—never to lose hope.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with regret that we announce the passing of Mr. G. Maxwell Edwards husband of the former Chairman of the Board.

From 1950 until 1956 Mrs. Edwards served as Chairman. For many more years she has been a good friend of the school and devoted to its interests. Four daughters also attended the school.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Edwards and the family.

Graduating Seniors

LYNNE CASTONGUAY

"He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much."

Lynne has been with us for twelve lively years, and in that time she has really proved her value to the school. She has been Form Captain several times, and was Keller's able Sports Captain last year. Did I say sports? It is hard to find a trophy here that does not have Lynne's name neatly engraved on it at least once! This year Lynne has risen to the exalted rank of Head Girl, and has done a tough job well. She has been a popular leader and organizer, and conducts school activities with great savoir faire. Besides all this she is one of our best forwards on the school basketball team.

Next year Lynne is planning to go to Europe, and if she learns to speak French as well as she speaks English with a French accent (!) her success is assured . . . We will miss your merry quips (!) and impish smile, but it would be selfish not to share you with others, so off you must go. Thanks, Lynne, for all your school spirit, and bonne chance!



RENEE DARRICADES

*"O, beautiful and grand,
My own, my native land!"*

Renee is a relative newcomer to Elmwood for she has been with us for only two years. But, oh, those two years! The reason for the quotation is that Renee is from Chile, and if it is really as she says, Chile, here we come!

"Rain," as we call her, is Editor of this year's magazine and is really doing a wonderful job. One of Nightingale's best actresses, she is an excellent storyteller—just like Danny Kaye! This year "Rain" is a busy senior in the boarding school and the fabulous head of Nightingale. Besides all this Renee manages to pull off top marks in her exams.

Though undecided about next year Renee is planning on a writing career. Best of luck, Rain!



JOAN GRIER

*"What a fine woman,
Hath your 'taylor' made you!"*

Joan has done a wonderful job this year as Head of Keller. She has led her House to victory in the House Collections and House Plays just to mention a few details. "Knuckles" came to Elmwood from King's Hall, Compton, just two years ago and has fitted in very well. Joan is the artist of the class, and has done an excellent job as head of the Decorating Committee for the dances. Although the youngest member of her class, Joan always manages to rank among the top when the reports come out. She participates in all the House games and adds a great amount of spirit to them. She is especially interested in basketball but you never know when you'll see her cheering on the Fisher Team!!

Her plans for the coming year are indefinite but whatever she does we're sure she'll be a success. Best of luck from us all, Joan.

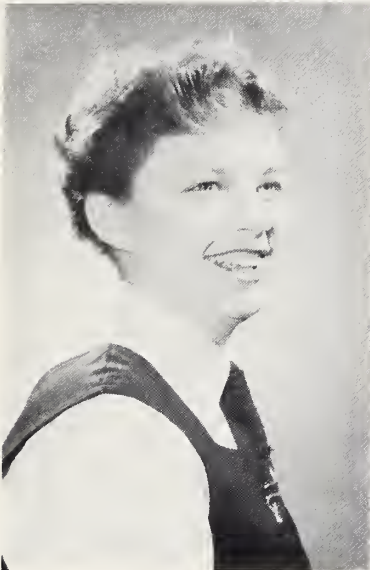




JEAN GARVOCK

"Her words are trusty heralds to her mind."

Jean has been at Elmwood for ten years and last year started out well by being made a Monitor. This year as Head of Fry, Jean has proved herself an able Prefect, and as a director (i.e. in the House Plays) she has proved herself a capable firefighter! Despite set-backs in Inter-House Competitions, the Fry House spirit was always high and Jean was there pulling for them. Jean works hard academically and athletically and usually stands near the top of the class. She played for the House basketball team as a forward and was a great asset to the team. Next year Neuchatel awaits Jean and we all wish her the best of luck.



SALLY SADLER

*"Her object all sublime,
To have a ripping time!"*

Sal came to Elmwood four years ago, and during her "notorious career" at our Alma Mater, she has copped all sorts of top honours, both academic and athletic. Besides being one of Nightingale's star basketball forwards, her alarming total of points on the school team has caused more than one opponent to panic. She was our capable school Sports Captain last year. This year has kept Sally busy, as apart from being a bustling Prefect in the day school, she is our popular and well-liked Head Boarder. Likes and dislikes? Sally doesn't dislike anything except ham (!) and she seems to be extremely fond of England—for some reason! Next year will see our Sal tripping along to McGill to whizz through a science course—our loss, but Sputnik's gain. It is hardly necessary to wish Sal luck, but of course we wish her all the very best!



SUSAN PETRIE

*"A heaven of dreams in her large
lotus eyes, darkly divine —"*

Sue, our Prefect in Fry, has certainly done well this year. The lucky owner of "that" nickname has been a help to all Officers and especially to Jean in her House duties. Keen in sports, she appears on most of Fry's teams and during Ruthie's absence took over as House Sports Captain. The House Plays gave Sue her chance to show us her ability in prompting not to mention sound effects. An ardent fan of the school basketball team, Sue is always with them, as a referee or otherwise.

As for next year, the future seems pretty hazy, but I'm sure I speak for all of Fry and all of Elmwood when I say we'll miss you Sue, and best of luck!



ELISABETH VAN SCHELLE

"Eyes of unholy blue!"—Moore

Elisabeth, in spite of being such a well-behaved and conscientious person, has blended in well with the rest of Six Upper. She has shown herself capable of luring little girls out for walks when they should be studying History—Not that the little girls minded. This is where her real genius lies, not, as she believes, in finding out whether certain mixtures really will explode, as she has successfully demonstrated, endangering the lives of all the little girls and all the big teachers. But, being a sober Dutchman, Elisabeth does have her moments of genius. She is the only one who can inform the others of what they should have answered the teachers.

Being an enfant perdu, she might be expected to be lonesome and unhappy, but Elisabeth's guardian occupies her on the weekends, and her thoughts during the week. In fact, she so much likes having a guardian, that she is quite willing to give up her chance of moving to Paris this fall, in which case she will be joining those "you know who's" at Carleton. We'll miss her, but we suppose that genius must be allowed to develop, and so we wish her the best of luck.

"May Buddha always hold her in his hand."

LINDA REDPATH

"I am tipsy with laughing."

Linda arrived on Elmwood's doorstep five years ago, and the school has never been the same since. Her laughter and informal ways have won her many friends in the years that she has been with us.

"Moe," as she is known, is a keen competitor in sports, surprising everyone with her behind-the-back basketball shots.

This year Linda was made Head of Nightingale and did an excellent job. Through the years we have heard Linda's voice in the choir, and two years ago she won the House Motto prize, as the girl who best lived up to her House's motto, "not for ourselves alone." Due to an illness Linda left us at Christmas, and 6 Matric has missed the famous "I am so dumb" quip in Miss Boyle's Latin Class. We wish her luck in the coming years and hope that she will return to visit Elmwood soon.

LILIAS AHEARN

"To know how to hide one's ability is a great skill."

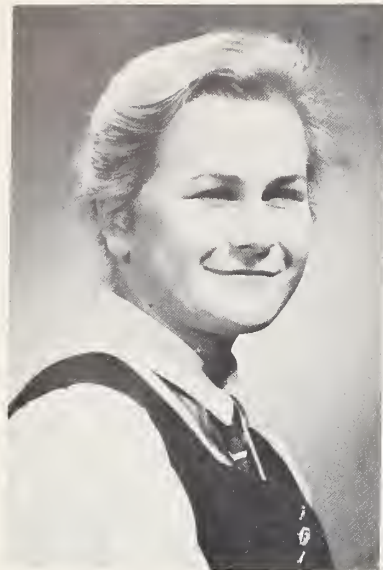
Lilias has honoured Elmwood with her presence for twelve long years, with the exception of a small coffee break at Lisgar for 1957.

Lil has been a guard on the school basketball team for three years and participates in all other sports. Besides having athletic ability Lilias can achieve very good marks in any subject with a minimum amount of work. This year, at the May Court Ball, Lil was a "May Queen" and, I can assure you, had much fun.

Before "Lilus" saw the light, such stunts as locking the Physics teacher in the lab, hiding in the art cupboard and concealing a water pistol in her uniform were commonplace, but in the past two years many changes have been made.

Lil's plans for the future are somewhat undecided, although an unknown attraction in London, Ontario has made her think that nursing—in London, of course—would be a wonderful occupation. In any case, whatever you may do, Lil, best of luck.





THALE GUNNENG

"Her luxuriant hair —it was like the sweep of a swift wing in visions."—Willis

When you hear strange sounds coming from 6 Upper, when the door vibrates with that (ch)erry noise, you can be sure that Thale is laughing. Never have we heard such laughter.

Thale's main worries this year have been to write serious essays for Miss Boyle, detailed answers for Mrs. Bruce and most of all, how to get disentangled from certain Dutchmen! On the whole however, she's done quite well; she can now even enjoy seeing Elisabeth dissect a fowl and is quite skillful at assembling the human skeleton. Having overcome most of her problems, Thale was beset with a new one; how to become a poet! But she is applying herself well and we do see a glimmer of hope for her—Literary Society at Carleton, next year, Thale? Yes, Thale will also be joining Carleton next year, thus ensuring the presence of our whole "Terrible Trio." We wish her all the best of luck in her studies of Arts "and stuff," as she steps into that big, dangerous outside world.



PAMELA MOORE

"If to her share some female errors fall, look on her face and you'll forget 'em all."—Pope.

"When I was a child I spake as a saint, I understood as a saint, I thought as a saint, but when I became an officer I put away such childish things," can be said sometimes, but certainly not of Pam, the youngest member of our numerous Six Upper class. Pam is intelligent, conscientious and always on time.

Constant worries, however, regarding H_2O_2 and males (preferably human ones) have kept her from wearing out her brain on homework, and she will now be able to go at the final exams, without a head too heavily laden with knowledge.

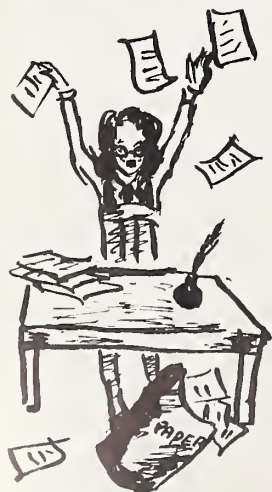
Coming from Montreal, Canada, she has contributed to giving the class a certain international flavour.

She suffers from scald latria and is therefore naturally joining certain classmates at Carleton next year. We wish our "sclusive," but oh so funny and charming friend good luck as she goes out into a new and dangerous world, no longer protected by her short, green tunic.



Magazine Staff

EDITOR Renee Darricades
 ADVERTISING MANAGER..... Susan Petrie
 ART EDITOR..... Joan Grier
 CLUB MEMBERS—Jane MacTavish, Pamela Broome, Susan Southam, Jean Cundill, Jody Garland, Ruth Petrie, Jane Rowley, Lynne Castonguay, Sally Sadler, Liliias Ahearn, Margot Spry.



House Notes

When an Elmwood girl reaches Form 4A she joins one of three Houses. A House in our school is like a family. When a girl joins a House, she has responsibilities and obligations to that House just as she has to her own family. She must try to live up to her House Motto just as she must try to live up to the ideals that have been taught to her by her family.

There are three Houses at Elmwood named after three famous women, Elizabeth Fry, Helen Keller, and Florence Nightingale. Each House has a House Head who must direct the affairs of her House. Every year the House Head must produce a one-act play which is adjudicated along with the other House plays. House Collections come before Christmas, and every member of the House must contribute clothes, games, books. These articles are gathered together and judged for quality and the way in which they are displayed. Afterwards the articles are given to some charitable organization. Every year, the House Head prepares a speech about her patron, and she conducts prayers on a certain morning. This day is called the House Day.

There is keen competition in sports, art, drama, and public speaking among the three Houses. In June at the close of every year a House Trophy is awarded to the House with "the highest aggregate points for academic achievement, sports, art, drama, music, good conduct, House Collections, current events and public speaking."

HOUSE MOTTOES

Fry—Friendship to all

Keller—Fair Play

Nightingale—Not for Ourselves Alone



Jean Garvock



Joan Grier



Renee Darricades



Fry House



This year Fry welcomed eight new girls into her House and all helped to live up to our motto "Friendship to all." We tied for second place with Nightingale in the House Collections and I am sure the Salvation Army was pleased with our effort.

"One Day More" by Joseph Conrad was our choice for our House Play. The night of the play the audience's attention was divided between watching our play and a small fire in the curtains! Diane Manion received Honourable Mention for her performance that night.

In sports, although we did not win any basketball games, our teams improved a great deal under the direction of our House Sport's Captain, Ruth Petrie.

Heather Blaine won the Senior Public Speaking Contest this year.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all Fry House Members for their co-operation and excellent House spirit and to wish them luck for the coming year.

HEAD OF HOUSE.....Jean Garyock
 PREFECTSusan Petrie
 MONITORSThale Gunneng
 Gail Lacharity, Diane Manion
 Ruth Petrie, Pam Moore
 HOUSE SPORTS CAPTAIN.....Ruth Petrie

MEMBERS: Janet Bell, Joanne Benner, Heather Blaine, Rita Browning, Penny Burritt, Linda Chauvin, Joanna Garland, Elizabeth Garvock, Thale Gunneng, Heather Hay, Margo Hay, Gail Lacharity, Margaret Laidler, Jane MacTavish, Sheila MacTavish, Diane Manion, Catherine McIlraith, Pam Moore, Christine Mackenzie, Laragh Neelin, Ruth Petrie, Susan Petrie, Linda Peden, Nancy Storms, Holly Ryan, Alexis Thoman, Anne Wennberg.



They may not like the play, but do they have to leave?



Keller House



Dear Kellerites:

Once again it is June. Our exams are over and we're all looking forward to a long relaxing summer. But just before we leave, let us look back on the past year.

It just seems like yesterday when we were trying to persuade all the new girls to join Keller, the best House; and certainly this year you have proved Keller to be just that. Our first victory was the House Day speech, followed by the House Collections. We also came first in the basketball, and the second team volleyball. Our only loss was a close second as Nightingale won the first team volleyball. Last, but by no means least, we came first in the House Plays. Our play this year was "Barbara's Wedding" by J. M. Barrie.

I could go on all day talking about how each and everyone of you contributed to Keller this year, but my space is limited. Just remember one thing for next year. Not everybody can contribute to Keller academically and athletically, but as long as you do your best to do something, it helps. Everything counts, good or bad. But on the whole, forgetting all the mistakes, you have been a wonderful group, the best! The House spirit has been tremendous! I only hope you stay that way next year and are as good a House for your new Head as you have been for me.

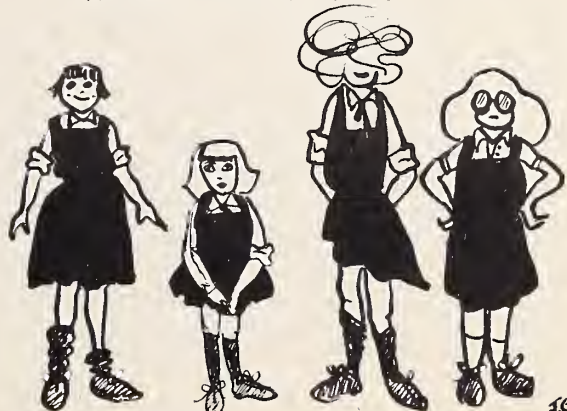
I was very proud to be Head of Keller this year and to next year's Head and to you all, I wish the very best of luck.

Joan

HEAD OF HOUSE: PREFECT.....Joan Grier
HEAD GIRL.....Lynne Castonguay
MONITOR.....Lilias Ahearn, Jean Cundill
HOUSE SPORTS CAPTAIN.....Jean Cundill

MEMBERS: Lilias Ahearn, Sherry Ansley, Joan Berry, Wendy Blackburn, Pam Broome, Hannah Brown, Peggy Cameron, Lynne Castonguay, Sandy Comstock, Jean Cundill, Maria D'Herbil, Joan Grier, Janet Ann Hair, Louise Hayley, Candy Higginson, Heather Hyndman, Yvette Khazzam, Heather Letch, Efie Malamaki, Jean Newman, Mary Jane Reynolds, Susan Rogers, Jane Rowley, Kit Sampson, Carol Simpson, Susan Southam, Margo Spry, Carolyn Strauss, Sherrill Wray.

KELLER INSPECTION !





Nightingale House



This year, Nightingale has welcomed several new members. Although you would never guess it now, they were once new girls, perhaps not exactly bewildered, but just a little confused. Now, however, they are just like the old girls—absolutely *lost*.

Lost? Not really. Far from it. Nightingale came first in the Senior Volleyball, played during the fall term. Just before Christmas, we tied with Fry for second place in the House Collections. We came second to Keller in basketball, such an exciting game, it took weeks for everyone's fingernails to grow back! We ran a very close second to Keller in the House Plays. Our presentation was "Fumed Oak," and Julie Kingstone's portrayal of Mrs. Rockett won her the top acting award. Sandi deserves a pat on the back, too. She nearly lost her voice, but kept on like a real trouper. It was a lot of fun, though; all the girls were just wonderful, including the stagehands. That was a delightful grey backdrop for the orange curtains. We just wished we could do another play right away.

We all miss Linda Redpath, and we can only hope she'll come to see us often. It somehow just hasn't seemed the same without someone to toss chalk during house meetings anymore.

Nightingale's motto is "Not for ourselves alone," and we like to believe that, though still far from

perfect, each year we come a little closer to living up to this motto. Everyone has shown terrific House spirit this year in Nightingale, and if there were time and space to praise and thank each girl individually, we would.

This year has been grand. Thanks, everyone, for helping to make it so. Best of luck to all, and may next year be even better yet!

HEAD OF HOUSE, PREFECT.....Renee Darricades
PREFECTS.....Sally Sadler, Elisabeth van Schelle
MONITORS.....Sandi McNaughton, Di Lawson
HOUSE SPORTS CAPTAIN.....Lesley Galt
SCHOOL SPORTS CAPTAIN.....Judy Toller

HOUSE MEMBERS: Louise Bowie, Sisser Bunch, Judy Carter, Vicky Craig, Judy Ewing, Sherrill Fell, Marjorie Feller, Johanne Forbes, Joan Francis, Sue Hamilton, Heather Hayley, Trudy Johnston, Julie Kingstone, Sandra Moffat, Judy Power, Beverly Mitchell, Judy Reid, Margo Toller, Karen Loeb, Ginny Wilson, Angela Wolfe-Taylor, Elisabeth Knox.





MONITORS—FRONT: Linda Chauvin, Sandra McNaughton, Diane Manion. BACK: Lillas Ahearn, Pam Moore, Gail Lacharity, Diana Lawson, Jean Cundill, Thale Gunneng, Ruth Petrie.



JUNIOR SCHOOL HOUSE CADETS

School Activities

Boarders Notes

When we returned in September, we were all glad to see Sally Sadler as Head Boarder. She has done an excellent job during the past school year! We were also glad to see Mrs. Edwards back again as House Mistress, but sorry to see her leave us at Christmas. Miss Moseby has taken over and is doing a wonderful job keeping us all in our places! Miss Wortley, Miss Darbyshire, Mrs. Betts and her daughter Michelle, Miss AQUI (until Christmas), and Miss Birss (who became "Mrs." at Easter) were the new arrivals on the resident staff.



CONSTANT COMPANIONS

So we settled down to what we thought would be a quiet, studious year. Did I say quiet? With the exception of Green Gables bedroom, and loud noises echoing down the halls, and of course the "hit parade" blaring forth on the radio, or record players, the school was quiet! But the able Counsellors were often seen scurrying down the halls to quiet everybody with stern warnings about "next time!"

Friday, December thirteenth, certainly was not unlucky in the boarding school, as we had a Boarders' Dance. Everyone had a wonderful time, especially after the tension of exams the past two weeks. The music was supplied from the record collections of several boarders, and everyone had her share of fast and slow music. The majority of the boarders attended, and judging by the remarks overheard later, the dance was a great success.

As usual, Santa Claus paid us his annual pre-Christmas visit the night before the holidays, much to the delight of everyone! He distributed presents and chatted for a few minutes before he had to leave to return to the North Pole. The staff had arranged games and singing and finally, after a wonderful evening, we were given refreshments and sent off to bed, but not without much excitement over Santa's visit, and the holidays starting the next day.

Soon after the Christmas holidays, the Seniors decided to have a surprise party for the Juniors. Mrs. Bruce kindly invited us to have the party at her house. The Juniors, who had come over expecting a scolding, were greatly surprised, and we all had great fun singing and talking. We started something

new in the boarding school by each Senior picking a Junior as a "Little Sister" for the remainder of the year. Finally the evening ended and everyone hurried home to bed.

Just before Easter the Seniors in turn were given a surprise party by the Juniors. This time it was held in the gym, where there were refreshments and hit parade records. The Juniors were even being taught how to jive! Finally everyone was so tired that we all went straight off to bed without a word.

On several weekends during the winter, we were very fortunate to be able to go skiing at Camp Fortune or Wakefield. This year many beginners took to the hills to improve greatly before the winter was over.

Since spring began, we have been going swimming at the Chateau Laurier on Friday evenings. Everyone finds that it is a wonderful way to relax and have fun after a school week.

Before ending, we would like to thank Mrs. Bruce and all the members of the staff, who have helped to make this a happy and enjoyable year for the boarders.



Hallowe'en Parties

The gym was but a mass of shadows. Goblins, ghosts, witches—and more unconventional creatures



such as boxers, Spanish dancers, and gypsies—flocked in large numbers around the various games and other entertainments (i.e., pulling Prefects' hair, and cruelly abusing these poor officers in such wild games as ring-around-the-rosy). The grand march, the bobbing for apples, and—last, but not least—the delicious refreshments, all contributed to make the Junior Hallowe'en Party a most successful afternoon!

For the Senior Party that evening, the gym was not even a mass of shadows! After the Grand March (prizes going to Charles Adams et famille, two mushrooms (?) called "The Morning After the Night Before," and similar typical Elmwoodian creatures) the lights flashed on and off continually as each class did a skit. These skits included such rousing musical numbers as "Proxy-locks and the Three Bears," witches having a divine textbook—burning session, an inspiring (and *most* surprising) rendition of Hernando's Hideaway, Can-Can (well, you have to call it something!) dancing, and, best of all, the teachers' own musical self-portrayal of the "real them."

Of course, we always suspected it, but this proved it!

After this breathless evening, the lights came on in a blaze of glory to reveal the best decorations we've had yet (special mention must be given to Sherrill Fell's simply stunning spider web), and also the very welcome refreshments. All in all, any self-respecting witch could be satisfied with Elmwood's homage to Hallowe'en!

In closing, I have just one more moving word to add, and that is "Olé!" (Eh, five-A?)

Christmas Party

Our Christmas party this year was a tremendous success, as a result of the school spirit, enthusiasm, and hard work shown by all.

Each class contributed a skit (my, but we're talented in this school!), song, or some other attraction to the entertainment, which began at four o'clock. In addition to these class efforts we enjoyed solo numbers by Penny Madgwick, Judy Carter, Lesley Galt, and Alexis Thoman.

The staff's contribution was two vividly narrated poems by Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Edelsten led us all in Christmas carols until it was time for the delicious buffet.

The festivities ended about six-thirty with candy canes for everyone, and we all agreed that this year's Christmas party was the best that Elmwood has had yet.

Formal Notes

The Elmwood Annual Dance was again held at the Ottawa Country Club this year, on March the eighth, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The receiving line—Captain and Mrs. Bruce, our head girl, head boarder, and their escorts—welcomed

the large number of students and old girls whose attendance helped to make the dance a great success!



The many beautiful and coloured gowns swirled to the catching strains of Wilf Steabner's band, whose variety of music ranged from Latin American rhythms to the more modern, lively jive.

A few prize dances followed the delicious buffet which was beautifully displayed—and well appreciated! Gaily coloured ticker-tape and balloons were soon scattered about the dance floor, adding to the merry confusion.

We would all like to thank the head girl and the officers for the wonderful work they did in arranging and planning one of the best formals in Elmwood's history.

Public Speaking

Our public speaking contest, held early this year, included several interesting speeches. They covered a wide variety of topics, among them, "The True Spirit of Christmas," and, in great contrast, "Money"! The entries are all to be congratulated. Each year our aspiring orators seem to grow more professional.

The prize winners are as follows: Primary, Penny Madgwick, Junior, Mardi Aldous, Intermediate, Sue Hamilton, and Senior, Heather Blaine. Their talks were chosen for delivery, poise, and general interest. We feel we truly have several budding Ciceros.

House Dances

Whatever that indescribable quality is that makes successful dances, we venture to say we feel it's been present at our house dances this year. The decorations have either been carefully planned or gaily improvised, in both cases with very attractive results. School spirit has been high, and so has attendance. By school spirit we do not mean that only directly associated with the dances, but also with the candy sales, which provided funds for the dances, which in their turn provided funds for our formal.

Our themes have included school colours (green and gold) and crests, an economical and very successful "medley" of streamers and other decorations, and that old favourite, Spring. Our music has been provided from the girls' collections of hits and popular records. This was particularly well-organized at our last dance, after the installation of the much-appreciated hi-fi, gift of the Mothers' Guild.

Half the fun of these dances was, as is often the case, in the preparation. Quick trips downtown to buy balloons, prizes, Scotch tape, and straight pins, followed by many happy hours climbing up and falling down from ladders, all contributed to the lively mood.

Many thanks to the officers and Decorating Committee (especially to Gail Lacharity), and also the "record players," for a fabulous year, social-wise!



Club News

Last year the idea of having clubs in the last period every Friday proved so successful that it was continued again this year. Clubs were divided into a Junior and a Senior section. Juniors from Form 4A down had a choice of joining the Crafts Clubs, or clubs on Science, French, Music or Sewing. The Seniors were offered French, Current Events, Journalism, Music, Dramatics and Philosophy.

One Crafts Club was under the direction of Miss Wortley. The busy little members made their own puppets for a puppet show. They modelled heads from papier-mache, painted vivid faces, stuck wool on the heads as hair, and even did their own sewing of simple little costumes. The script of Snow White was written by the members themselves.

A second Crafts Club was directed by Miss Seigeot. Here members from 4B and 4A made lovely needle-work patterns on canvas in petit point geometrical designs. These girls certainly got a good beginning for fine work later.



After Christmas Miss Seigeot kindly formed a French group for the Juniors who were left without a club after the completion of their play. Here the little ones learned basic expressions used in conversation and began to use them.

The Junior Dramatics Club was probably the busiest of all. On December 17 the club presented "The Bluebird" by Maurice Maeterlinck, directed by Mrs. Davis. This was one of the most ambitious plays put on by the Juniors in years. A huge cast of fifty-five—including the little ones from the Nursery School up to Form 4A—is quite a handful. However everything was well organized and the play proved to be a wonderful success. Lalage Wright and Susan Madgwick deserve praise for their performances. Costumes for the play were designed by Mrs. Davis and the children's mothers kindly made them.

For a few weeks in September Miss Darbyshire supervised a Junior Music Club. Members learned appreciation of good music by listening to records and singing songs. Later the club was disbanded so the members could join the play.

The Science Club, consisting mostly of 4B, was

supervised by Miss Birss. Under her guidance these budding young chemists learned to use the apparatus and then performed such wonders as making crystals, invisible ink, and flame tests.

Madame Betts was head of a very exclusive French Club in the Senior Section—five members to be exact. During meetings they read magazines, worked crossword puzzles, and often just talked—all in French of course. We are sure their French has really improved.

The Current Events Club, as usual, had quite a large enrollment. Together with Mrs. Stephen the members discussed such topics as segregation, the Royal Family, and the March 31 general election. On United Nations Day, Elisabeth von Schelle told us something about the work of this great organization.

The Dramatics Club was supervised until Christmas by Miss Birss and afterwards by Mrs. Davis. Although this senior club did not produce a play, they learned much about production.

The Music Club was directed by Mrs. Edelsten. They had planned to produce the Operetta "Hansel and Gretel." However, because of the scarcity of older members, and because the Juniors had already presented a play, it was decided to postpone this until next year.

Philosophy was again this year supervised by Mrs. Bruce. The meetings were spent discussing any question the girls had. The outstanding visitor this year was Canon Bruce who helped set the girls right on the doctrines of the Anglican Church. As expected this club proved to be worthwhile.



The Journalism Club was something new this year and proved to be very popular with the 6 Matrics and the 5B's. As supervisor of this club Miss Boyle spent much time on our new magazine. For the first time we are having our magazine published by the "Yearbook House," a publishing house exclusively for school annuals. With the experience we have gained this year, next year we shall be able to speed ahead even faster.



ABOVE, LEFT—Winning First House Volleyball Team—Nightingale.
 FRONT: Vicky Craig, Ginny Wilson, Lesley Galt, Judy Ewing, Trudy Johnston. BACK: Sandra Moffat, Di Lawson, Sherrill Fell, Judy Toller, Sally Sadler.



ABOVE, RIGHT—Winning Second House Volleyball Team—Keller.
 FRONT: Mary Jane Reynolds, Carolyn Strauss, Hannah Brown, Yvette Khazzam, Carolyn Simpson, Susan Rogers. BACK: Jane Rowley, Heather Letch, Sherry Ansley, Joan Berry, Wendy Blackburn, Janet Ann Hair.



RIGHT—Winning Basketball Team—Keller.
 FRONT: Peggy Cameron, Carolyn Strauss, Wendy Blackburn, Susan Rogers, Kit Sampson. BACK: Lilius Ahearn, Lynne Castonguay, Jean Cundill, Jean Newman.

SPORTS

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS

Volleyball

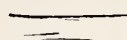
Volleyball was, as always, a great success this year. Instead of one team from each of the three houses we organized two teams to enable the less experienced players to play. After a great deal of friendly rivalry between the Houses, Nightingale's first team emerged the winner with Keller a very close second. Keller's second team was victorious edging Nightingale by only a few points. Fry House's teams were third in both cases. Altogether it was a thoroughly enjoyable season.

Badminton

At the time of going to press the Badminton play-offs have not been completed. However, the Junior singles has been finished. Susan Rogers won this in the finals by defeating Peggy Cameron.

Tennis

Due to bad weather in the fall, the inter-house tennis tournament has not yet been completed. However, Fry did play Nightingale. In these games Laragh Neelin defeated Sandy Moffat to take the singles for Fry and Sally Sadler and Lesley Galt captured the doubles for Nightingale by defeating Di Manion and Ruthie Petrie. Both Houses have yet to play with the Keller team consisting of Lynne Castonguay, Joan Grier and Jean Cundill.



Crowd Lauds Girls' Show

Well-executed and intricate was the gymnasium work demonstrated by girls of Elmwood School last night. Before a large audience of parents and friends, over 100 students gave an outstanding performance of co-ordinated drills and tumbling.

Without A Word Trained by Miss Sheila Darbyshire, the girls worked with barely a word of command. Parents gasped when leap frog grew to leaps over four crouched pupils and smiled at the antics of the Mad Hatter in a mime of Alice in Wonderland.

The pupils taking part ranged in age from nursery school level to final year high school. The program included movements to music by the little ones, gymnastics, some clever basketball handling, exercises, tumbling and dancing by the older pupils. The climax of the evening came when pupils from the extra gymnastics class gave a breath-taking workout on horse, spring-board and trapeze, and topped it off with a human pyramid.

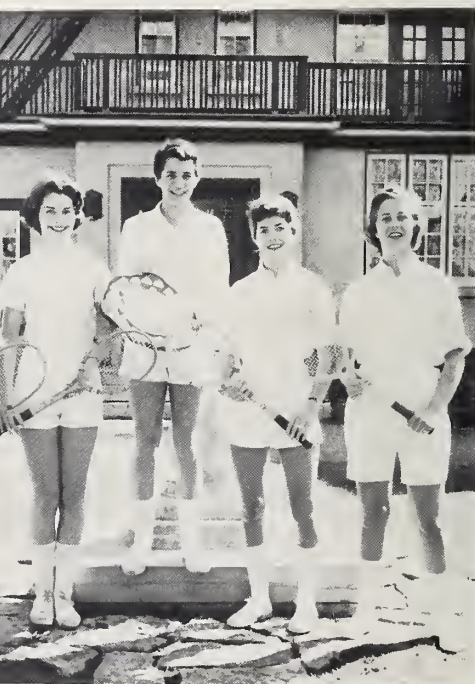
Forsey Urges



ABOVE—Champions in Ottawa Girls' Inter-Scholastic Basketball Tournament—Elmwood Team.

FRONT: Sally Sadler, Judy Toller, (Sports Captain), Liliias Ahearn, Lesley Galt, Peggy Cameron (sub), Nancy Storms (sub.).

BACK: Jean Cundill, Sherrill Fell, Lynne Castonguay (Captain), Joan Grier (sub.), Ginny Wilson (sub.), Sandra Moffat (sub.).



RIGHT—Winning Team in Ottawa Interscholastic Tennis Union, Girls' Championship.

Di Manion (Doubles), Laragh Neelin, Lynne Castonguay, Joan Grier (Singles), Ruth Petrie (Doubles).



Basketball

This was really a big year for basketball, not only in outside games but also in inter-house competition. Fry, though they fought valiantly, lost to both Nightingale and Keller. In the final game between Nightingale and Keller, Keller emerged the victor after a very exciting, nerve-racking game.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC SPORTS

Tennis

This year we again sent a team to play in the Ottawa Inter-Scholastic Tennis Union Girls' Tournament. The team consisted of Laragh Neelin, Lynne Castonguay, Joan Grier (all singles players) Ruthie Petrie and Di Manion (doubles). These girls all finished the tournament undefeated except Laragh Neelin who was narrowly defeated by Pat Ryan, an Ottawa Champion, and so Elmwood won the championship. Congratulations, girls!

Basketball

Basketball though always a favorite sport of the Elmwood girls, has never been their strong point. But this year was different. Elmwood really put herself on the map when our school team finished this season undefeated and the holder of the Ottawa Inter-Scholastic Girls' Basketball Championship. Our success was mainly due to the high quality of sportsmanship and teamwork evident among the players. In our pre-tournament games we defeated Lisgar and Arnprior High School. The first team we played in the tournament was Lisgar. Again we defeated them 26-10. The next day we met with Glebe and the final score was 26-8 in favour of Elmwood. In a very exciting semi-final game we tied with Nepean. We were still in the finals though. A large number of spectators were on hand to see Elmwood move ahead of Glebe after a slow start to capture the title 26-21.

Elmwood Cagers Win School Title

The Senior girls basketball team of Rockcliffe's Elmwood School yesterday won the Ottawa Interscholastic Girls' Senior Basketball championship, defeating a team from Glebe Collegiate, 26-21.

It was the Elmwood team's sixth game without a loss since forming shortly after Christmas. They have won five and tied one. In the elimination tournament, leading up to yesterday's final, the Rockcliffe girls defeated Lisgar, 26-10, Glebe, 26-8, and tied Nepean, 27-27. Yesterday's game, played at the Glebe gym, was a nip and tuck affair all the way.

The home team jumped into a quick 4-0 lead but Elmwood came back to tie the count at 5-5 and then forged into a two-point lead that they kept until the half, when the score was 13-11.

Elmwood slowly increased the gap in the second half and then held off the Glebe team. Coached by Judy Toller, school sports captain and organizer, the Elmwood team was led by Sally Sadler with 15 points while Jean Cundill added six and Lynn Castonguay, team captain, five.

Howe paced the losers with 11 points.

It is the second Interscholastic girls' title for Elmwood in less than a year, winning the Tennis Union title last fall. It was also their first cage crown.

Elmwood—Castonguay, 5; Sadler, 15; Cundill, 6; Moffatt, Fell, Galt, Ahearne, 6; Wilson, Storms, Grier, Total, 26.

Glebe—Howe, 11; Williams, Van-

Stop Presses

May 31st—After a day of tennis matches the results of the tournament are now known. Laragh Neelin downed Lynne Castonguay to emerge the singles champ. The doubles were taken, in an exciting game with Joan Grier and Lynne Castonguay, by Sally Sadler and Lesley Galt. Congratulations to the winners!

Sports Day

Sports Day this year was efficiently run under Miss Darbyshire's guidance. Elimination heats were held in the morning, and the finals were in the afternoon. Sherrill Fell captured the Wilson Senior Sports Cup. Out of a total of seven events, Sherrill won six and came second to Trudy Johnston in the other. The Dunlop Cup for Intermediates was won by Judy Ewing. She copped four firsts and placed high in several others. Sue Rogers won the Fauquier Junior Sports Cup by capturing four firsts and a second. The Wier Sports Award went to Lalage Wright. Eight-year-old Valerie Pulker won the Transition Cup after placing first in all Preparatory Division events!

Nightingale emerged the winning house, having collected the most points during the day.

History

Following are excerpts from a message written by Mrs. E. Buck for the magazine of 1940. We thought you would be interested in the history given, and knew that you would be glad to have a message from Mrs. Buck as she leaves Ottawa to take up residence in England.

Twenty-five years ago a gracious lady came to Ottawa with her husband and two young sons, and found in Rockcliffe, then an almost pastoral spot—cows grazed in Buena Vista—a rambling old home—stead, part timber and part stucco, surrounded by leafy elms and grounds that trailed away into swamp, the latter a veritable paradise for small boys and mosquitoes. Here she had a vision, a dream, or what you will. It was a lovely one, anyway, as all her dreams were. She visualized in that very spot a band of happy carefree children, who would play in merry groups in those grounds; a place where they would learn about pixies and fairies, and fare forth in a world of their own making on adventures like Arthur's knights of old, learning the while of those lovely gracious qualities which little children must practice as grown knights who go in quest of the Holy Grail. The lady was Mrs. Philpot. The shady grounds were those which surround our school today. Thus Elmwood came into being.

You all know why it was that we were at first known as the Rockcliffe Preparatory School. The oldest pupil was not more than fourteen. In speaking of those days, Mrs. Philpot pays tribute to the generous interest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer. A warm sponsor, too, who must be mentioned in connection with this period of the school's history, was Admiral Sir Charles Kingsmill, who was largely instrumental in interesting our present governors, and it was through him also that the now famous barn was converted and incorporated in the school buildings. Mr. Norman Guthrie and other parents were also most generous in helping to establish the school. Here, however, I want to dwell upon what I believe to be the main characteristics that the school has developed during the first quarter of a century, and try to show how even in the beginning, in spite of badly constructed and ill-equipped buildings, many lovely things were planted, took root, and grew, inspired by the vital force of Mrs. Philpot's personality. To those days we owe our school colours and our emblem flower, the daffodil. In connection with this I should like to quote Mrs. Philpot's own words: "The daffodil became to me a symbol in its happy way of growing in merry companies and open spaces, joyous, strong, companionable and free." Later when she presented the Philpot Token, which many of you have worn with pride, she said: "I ask that the Token may emphasize for you this way of living, and that its spirit may foster an open, kind and generous influence in the school . . . and if you will, let it be called the daffodil spirit. I offer the Token to be awarded each year to the girl who best maintains the spirit and the ideals which, as well as high standard in scholarship, achievement in games, and charm of manner, I have always hoped may set their mark upon the School, i.e. the spirit of SERVICE, FELLOWSHIP, FREEDOM, FAIR-PLAY."

It was in this manner that we had our beginnings. One of my first impressions of the school was that atmosphere of joyous companionship, both in work and in play, and I should like to think that the spirit of friendliness and comradeship still characterizes the school and impresses itself on all who come within its portals, for out of friendliness comes fellowship, the desire to serve, and many good things that this sadly torn world of today needs.

Steadily the school grew. A bit was added here, and a bit was added there, to house our growing numbers—one bit a barn! Some of the old parts were very shaky. I remember on one occasion when the Duchess of Devonshire (then residing at Government House) visited the school. So many people climbed the rather uncertain and creaky staircase in the old section of the house that we held our breath for fear the worst would happen and the vice-regal foot go through the stairs! However all went well then, but later a less august foot, of the primary mistress, went through the boards of her classroom floor, and Mrs. Harry Southam said, "That decides it," or words to that effect. "We must have a new building." And we did.

I should like to say a word about those years from 1915 to 1925, to tell you of the generous friends and benefactors without whom the school could never have survived. First of all Mrs. Edward Fauquier and Mrs. Harry Southam. From the very beginning they had taken a keen interest in the school, and in 1919, they, with the Hon. Thomas Ahearn, purchased this property, and so secured the future of the school. Very considerable improvements were made, after which the whole of the property was handed over for the use of the school free of all charges, a truly magnificent gift. Early in the year 1920 Mrs. Philpot's health necessitated her taking an extended rest which unfortunately did not have the desired effect and in June she retired. At this time the Hon. Thomas Ahearn bought and presented to the school the entire equipment, and still further financial assistance was provided by Mrs. Southam and Mrs. Fauquier. I wonder how many of you know that it was through Mr. Wilson Southam that a very rough piece of ground was transformed into our present playing-field. Later the Hon. Cairine Wilson associated herself with the school's progress and completed our present Board of Governors, and ever since Mrs. Fauquier, Mrs. Southam and the Hon. Cairine Wilson have been unfailingly behind everything that affects the welfare of Elmwood, giving generous financial aid and familiarizing themselves with all the problems of school management, and the welfare of staff and pupils. To their public-spirited attitude towards education, their broad vision and their counsel is due so very largely the success the school has achieved.

Another friend who gave much time and thought to the School's progress in the early nineteen twenties was Mr. F. W. White, father of three old Elmwoodians, in whom I found an every ready counsellor and helper when harassed and perplexed by the difficulties that beset the School at that time. Of Mr. Harry Southam's generosity we have daily evidence in the many pictures and engravings which hang on our walls and contribute greatly to our enjoyment and appreciation of art.

The School Library owes much to the interest of Sir Arthur Doughty, onetime Dominion Archivist, who made many valuable contributions, while the athletic side of the school has always had a staunch supporter in Mr. Norman Wilson, who has not only presented many trophies for competition but, by his presence at Annual Field-days, instilled into us the elements of true sportsmanship.

And then there is that long line of builders which includes mistresses and prefects, and all those girls who have in various ways brought honour to the School.

And so in 1940 we look back over a quarter of a century, and we see in retrospect the Elmwood pageant, girls in green tunics filing into the Hall for morning prayers, flying as if on winged feet to tennis courts and playing-fields cheering themselves hoarse for Keller, Fry and Nightingale, assembling for

Speech Day in white and yellow, with some assumption of the dignity that the Day demands, the keen, eager faces and smiling eyes growing a little more serious year by year as the purpose of School as a preparation for life unfolds itself. At the end of twenty-five years we find Elmwoodians in every part of the globe, carrying with them we hope and believe, like the winged fruit of the elm tree, samara, something of the lessons we have tried to teach during their school days, the spirit of service, the beauty of usefulness, a readiness to meet whatever testing times may come with a serene courage, going forth with fellowship and kindness and a true sense of fair play, so that wherever they may be they will work for the common good. And it is thus I would have you "salute the past with reverence, as you march beyond it to the future."

EDITH B. BUCK

NOTE—In connection with the history of the school building we wish to add that in 1946 the Ahearn Memorial Wing was added, comprising the science laboratory and three modern classrooms. This was the gift of Mrs. Harry Southam and her brother, Mr. Frank Ahearn, in memory of their father, the Hon. Thomas Ahearn, who was a very great friend of Elmwood.

Tribute To Mrs. Buck

Mrs. Buck, the Headmistress of Elmwood from 1920 till 1951, is returning to England to live. To Elmwood Old Girls across Canada this news will bring a sharp pang of sadness because to two generations of old girls it is impossible to think of our school without thinking of Mrs. Buck.

When she became the headmistress in 1920, Elmwood was the Rockcliffe Preparatory School, designed to be a preparatory school for Ashbury, but accepting girls as pupils too. During the next few years, the Elmwood that we know today was developed and when Mrs. Buck retired in 1951, it had become one of the outstanding small boarding and day schools for girls on this continent.

Looking back one marvels at the courage, wisdom and flexibility of mind that were required to make these changes and then to carry on the administration of the school during a period of tremendous economic and social upheaval; yet these things most of us took for granted. Our memories of Mrs. Buck are mostly of the close relationship that existed between her and her girls. It is the latter quality that makes a good headmistress into a great and beloved one.

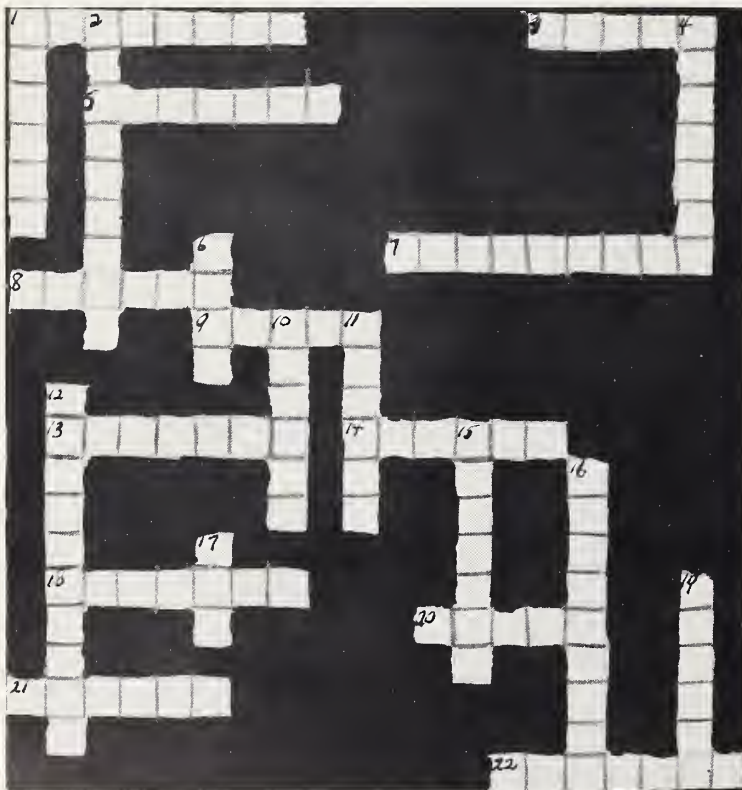
Elmwood was fortunate to have Mrs. Buck as Headmistress for so many of the most interesting years of the school's career. Since her retirement her concern for the school and for each girl there has remained constant and her advice has been sought on countless occasions.

We wish Mrs. Buck many happy years in England though regret that a very dear friend has left Canada. However, these days, England is not so far away and, between Mrs. Buck, Elmwood and those of us who were at school with her, the bonds will still be close and strong. Wherever she may be in person, she will always remain in the hearts of old Elmwoodians.

Form Notes



Form 5A



Clues for Crossword.
ACROSS

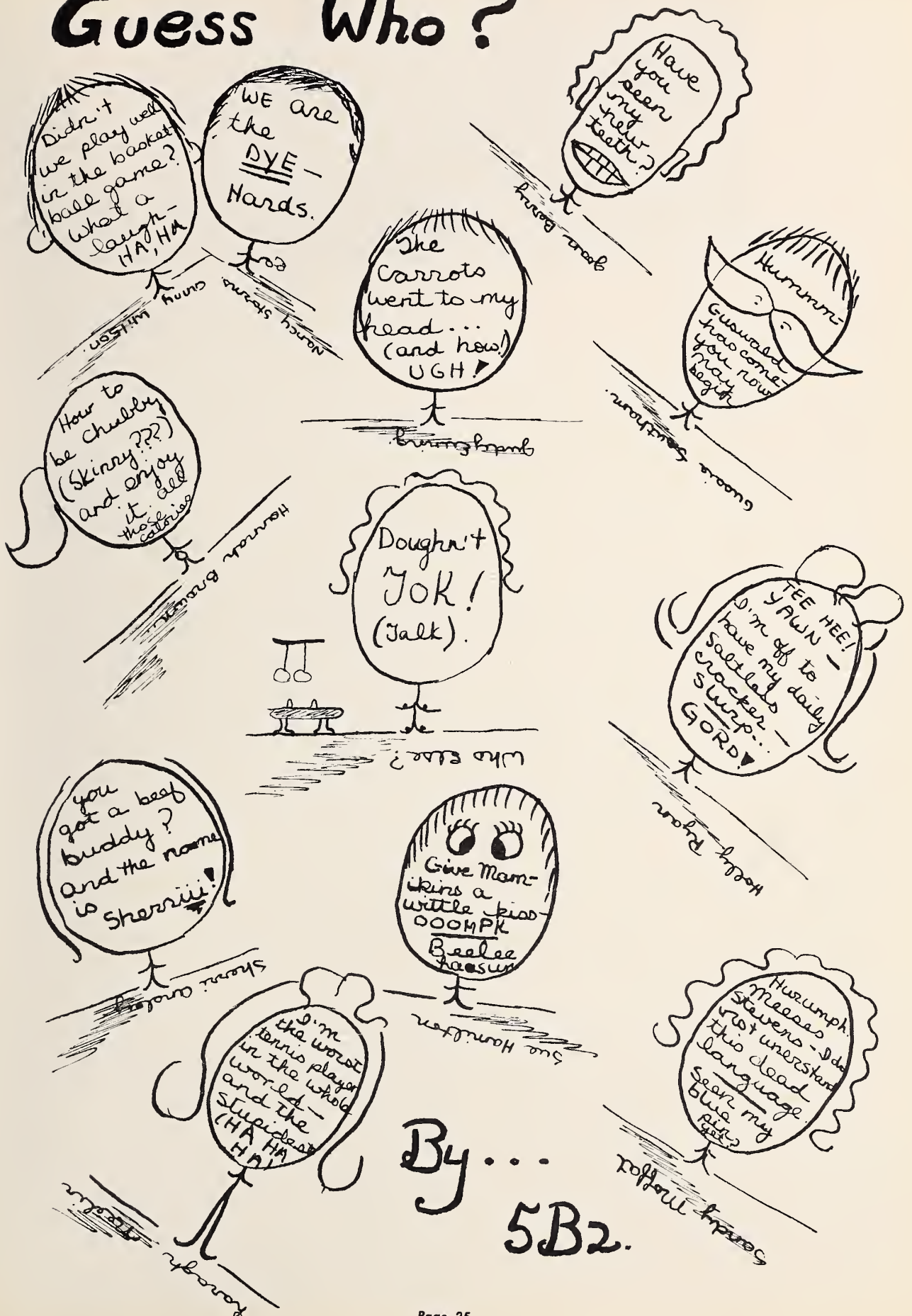
1. IEF
3. ARLOTTCHE
5. LIDNA
7. YEDNW
8. HUTR
9. THHEAR
13. JANE
14. ANAID
18. YJOD
20. SUIEOL
21. JEAN
22. RMS

DOWN

1. EIADN
2. LIAG
4. TIK
6. LLREIRHS
10. YJUD
11. ELIOIU
12. YADSN
15. LOCAR
16. CSHIR
17. GORMA
19. REHAHTE



Guess Who?





FORM 5B1

5B's form captain is as good ?? as can be,
 And she is of course, Jane MacT.
 Next comes vice captain and basketball star;
 Jeanie Newman who hails from Baie Comeau afar.
 Heather Hyndman, the short one and brain of 5B,
 Is usually as quiet as a mouse can be.
 Bev. Mitchell has already packed her case
 For her trip to the planets in outer space.
 Julie Kingstone our actress whose future's guided
 In the theatre by Billy Glenn decided.
 Pam Broome, Garry's one and only,
 Is sitting at Elmwood lost and lonely;

While Sherrill Wray, our fickle one,
 Is having a ball with every man's son.
 Lesley Galt, our Mathematical mind,
 Is also good in sports of every kind.
 Margot Spry, our new girl this term,
 Is a horse lover and a tiny book worm.
 Joanie Francis, a Montreal gal,
 Is a good sport and a charming pal.
 And Jayay Hair, with her sun lamp campaign,
 Or is she burnt from skiing in the winter rain?
 And now we will thank our Miss Birss with good
 cheer,
 Who has helped us with Math all through the year.

FORM 5C

This year 5C is writing their form notes under the
 headings of name, favourite expression, ambition,
 probable destination.

SUSAN ROGERS

I don't see why!
 Air Hostess
 Air sick

MARIA SILVA

Oh my, excuse me
 To be an artist
 Washing for Mlle. Seigeot

CAROLYN STRAUSS

Vach ya say?
 Aha!
 Aha, aha!

JANET BELL

Boys, where?
 To model hair styles
 Going bald

ELIZABETH GARVOCK

No, you ask her!
 Nurse
 Selling Tranquilizers

MARGARET LAIDLER

Gad
 Teaching Carolyn to be tidy
 Nice try Marg!

PEGGY CAMERON

Oh she is right tall
 To get rid of her Maritime Accent
 Back in Halifax with an Ottawa Valley Accent

YVETTE KHAZZAM

Accidentally on purpose
 Performing scientific experiments at McGill
 Scrubbing the lab. at Elmwood

PENNY BURRITT

Jeepers
 To be a Latin Scholar
 Taking Spanish next year

ALEXIS THOMAN

Whenever I feel like working, I lie down until I
 feel better.
 To be an army nurse
 Being the first Wren on board an R.C.N. destroyer

LINDA PEDEN

Why be unpleasant when with just a little more
 effort you could be a real stinker?
 Stewardess
 In the co-pilot's seat

HEATHER HAYLEY

Lordee be
 Nurse
 Maid at the Civic

CATHERINE McILRAITH

Not S.S. Again
 To have a Roman nose
 Still the same ski-jump



JUDY POWER

Oh Heather!
Teaching handicapped children
Success

CANDACE HIGGINSON

You're kidding
To be a House Mistress at Elmwood
Expelled!

MRS. MARTINDALE

Stand please
To teach 5C proposition No. 1
Well, it's always worth trying

FORM 4A

(Form 4A notes are under the same headings
as 5C)

JOHANNE FORBES

Oh! man.
Breeding German Shepherd dogs
Breeding stray alley cats

JUDY CARTER

Oh! Miss Aqui.
To be a model
Modelling space suits on the moon

JUDY REID

Jumping Jupiter
To be a scientist
Eating green cheese on the moon

HEATHER HAY

What's the time?
Getting full marks in all her subjects
Never getting out of high school

KAREN LOEB

Holy smokes!
To be a model
Cutting material for a clothing factory

MARGOT TOLLER

Oh! sugar.
To train dogs
Sewing dog blankets

TRUDY JOHNSTON

Speak of the devil, and look who appears
To be a singer
A ballet dancer

ANGELA WOLFE-TAYLOR

Honestly, Miss Aqui, I won't do it again
To be an airline hostess
Making model airplanes

SISSER BUNCH

Great Scott!
To be a doctor
Making bandages for the Civic Hospital

SANDRA COMSTOCK

Holy catfish
To travel
Working for a travel agency



MARY JANE REYNOLDS

Holy Christopher
To lose weight
Fat woman in the circus

VICTORIA CRAIG

Don't be a corn ball
To be a Nurse
Mental Institution

SHEILA MacTAVISH

I say there Sadie!
To be a horse trainer
Making horse shoes

RITA BROWNING

Oh! Gads.
To own a pet shop
A dog catcher

MARJORIE FELLER

Balderdash it all!
To be a dress designer
Sharpening scissors for a dress designer

Miss Aqui will not be with us next year and Form 4A wishes her the best of luck in whatever her future plans may be.

FORM 4B

Upper IVB

Thoughtful and kindly in word and deed—
That's our Form Captain—HELENA REED.

PATRICIA ARNOLD gets up to larks,
But—Oh Boy—does she ever get the marks!

SUSAN MADGWICK is keen and able,
While her mind's on her work her heart's in the stable.

ANNE ROWLEY'S our Librarian, as all can see,
But she's seldom in the place where she ought to be.

LALAGE WRIGHT is a student bright,
She's seldom wrong 'cos she's always "Wright."

MARLENE SICOTTE has a gentle look,
But she's always buried deep in a book.

GAIL FINCHAM'S untidy though rather a dear,
But she lives in the clouds so is seldom here!

ELIZABETH RAYMONT has an air of mystery
'Cos she's up to her neck in British History.

Lower IVB

MARDIE ALDOUS is bright and seldom glum—
But what would she do without her thumb?

JULIE BLACKBURN'S our Aylmer blonde—
Of drawing horses in class she is rather fond.

MICHELLE BETTS is a "petite ma'mselle";
In her work this term she's done awfully well.

A pleasant student and everyone's pal
ALEXANDRA BURKE-ROBERTSON'S quite a gal!

MARTHA CORBETT'S a clever demure young lass,
Her masculine hair-cut's the talk of the class.



Lower 4B

A gay little spark is young DEBBIE GILL—
Her voice an auditorium would fill.

ELIZABETH LOCKE'S just joined the class;
She's a dear little 'bra bricht Scottish lass.

A noisy young student on this scene
Is ANDREY LOEB, our "Kleenex Queen."

This one would be a great loss,
A clever young artist is MARILYN ROSS.

A little "madam" that's busy and bright—
She shines in the class as ANTONIA WRIGHT.

BONNIE WALKER'S the Captain of Lower IVB,
She's as naughty and nice as she can be.



GENEVE GARNER'S our lass who is blonde and
curled—
But her spelling is simply out of this world.

Last of all is our Teacher too,
She's strict but she's nice, so—Just guess who!

FORM 4C

Athletic, strong and daring, jumps like a kangaroo
Alex our noble Captain, 4C is proud of you.

The first to open out her books and start her morning's
work—
The things in life that must be done, Audrey will
never shirk.

Though fairly small and modest, Louise is full of fun
And words of most enormous size throughout her
head do run.

Our artist Jessica by name, the class was glad to greet,
Most excellent a painter and always clean and neat.

Another painter—Beatrice—and plays the piano too,
An expert in the field of Science and friend of the
famous Pooh.

Our linguist Nicole helps us to aid our foreign friends,
Wherever she is needed, herself she gladly spends.

Her perfect table manners, her kindness never ends,
Lynn has a large and faithful dog among her many
friends.

Jane Ann provides a brightness within the classroom
walls.

We shall all of us be sorry when the far horizon calls.

Rosita came among us; no English words she spoke,
But friendly, and in any tongue not slow to see a joke.

Most lively, quite an actress and nice to have around
No gayer one than Alex in Greece was ever found.

A Capable young speller, a lively one is she;
Jane's always quick to see them, when jokes there
are to see.

Polite and cheerful always, most capable and kind,
Claire is the sort of person it's quite a joy to find.



TRANSITION & I

A small coin to be sure, and sure she is, and bright,
Working with all her might—

PENNY MADGWICK

She works very hard, is as big as a minute,
The room's always quiet whenever she's in it.

BRIDGET BELGRAVE

A feeling large for all things small,
A shy though singing bird withal.

CATHY McLAREN

At pains to do her best always,
And works at gym—or is it play?

JOANIE PETERSON

Diligence and aptitude, although they do not rhyme,
They cannot fail to make their mark upon the sands
of time.

VALERIE PULKER

Two sisters who've not been here long,
In English weak, in Spanish strong,
But they are sure to understand
The "lingua franca" of this land—friendliness.

SUSAN AND LAURA MESSINA





SENIOR ART BY MARIA DA SILVA



SENIOR ART BY JOAN GRIER



INTERMEDIATE ART BY MARGOT TOLLER



INTERMEDIATE ART BY KAREN LOEB



JUNIOR ART BY LOUISE CHALKE



JUNIOR ART BY JESSICA BRADLEY

Senior Literary Section

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Our newspaper is happy, gossipy and completely non-committal. It headlines today the election of a new beauty queen, tomorrow perhaps the eerie death of the man who cleaned the top of the skyscraper, slipped on his piece of soap, and fell off. To find the world news, one must look on page three; column five might produce something—try it. I'm not sure.

Now you must not think that our newspaper is some sort of backward little thing of six pages; no, we have many pages, sometimes as many as fifty! We need five for the important news: beauty queens, the stomach aches of friendly heads of state, deaths, and the victory of our football team. Quite a few are necessary for our social columns: "Mrs. Smith goes to visit her aunt today"; "Mr. Brown has not been able to attend the wedding of his niece, due to a toothache." Then we need any number of pages for sports, movies, popular singers, and—let us not forget—the comics.

When our dear deliverer brings the newspaper to our doorstep—(no farther, whatever the weather)—there is a rush to the front door—my two brothers. The eldest usually comes last, but by some unknown system, peculiar to him, he is the one who emerges with the prized possession. He enters the room, and there is my father. "Aha, the newspaper!" says he, meaningly. But my brother does not take the hint—he slumps down in a chair and thumbs through all forty-two pages with amazing rapidity; then, when he has finally arrived at his favorite page, the comics, my father stands in front of him. He looks—my father, that is—and says nothing, just looks and looks. Then my poor, tortured brother, jumps up, almost thrusts the paper in his face, and cries, "It's not fair! It's not fair!"

My father smiles and says, "What is not fair? I didn't ask for anything. You very kindly gave me the newspaper, and I'm very thankful." So my father has it. But he only gets angry when he reads it; he doesn't want to read the comics, he's not interested in the fate of that "National Hero," the football hero, he couldn't care less about the fact that poor Mr. Brown has had a toothache. He wants news, and that is nonexistent in our newspaper.

We children, though, are rather pleased with this poor dejected piece of paper. It has the best comics in town, and isn't that something! The comics are full of good humanitarian thoughts. You can be sure that the wicked, pistol-sliding bandit will not get the beautiful, sweet and innocent girl. No, her true love will come just in time to "clobber" the other over the head and hand him over to justice. For of course he has always secretly been the dope smuggler who has given the police so many headaches.

My advice to all the other subscribers to our glorious paper is: If you want to know the news, listen to the radio. If you don't—and I think this is the case with most—stick to the newspaper, and delight in its great and noble span of topics.

Elisabeth van Schelle, 6 Upper

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MORNING

The dark shadows of night were slowly casting their mysteriousness over the bleak grey stone walls of the school. The three-thirty bell had given its ring, and all the day-girls had quickly vanished, carrying with them their books and extremely worried faces. The boarders were quietly moping around the usually noiseless halls of Elmwood and wiping their brows. Each little noise would make their hair stand on end, or send their hands flying to their ears to shut it out. This all marked the beginning of that dreadful, fearful night before The Morning.

It really started about two weeks before, when a rather important white sheet of paper was courteously and most carefully pinned up in the back or front of each classroom, wherever it was convenient. On this piece of paper was the list of exams and when they were to be written. The word "exams" does seem to have a terrible effect on everybody, but the tragedy is that nobody seems to feel the effect until the night before.

The light drizzle of rain did not add a light-hearted feeling to the girls, either. The night slowly but surely went, and the girls woke up from a restless sleep to face the road to achievement or to failure.

Nancy Storms, 5B2

A DESERTED HOUSE

There it stood, apart from the other houses, back on the lot, on the edge of the cliff, as if poising before leaping over into the sea. It had once been a grand house, a happy house, where for generations families had lived, slept, eaten, had parties and cheerful evenings together. But now it was old, aged and lonely. The rear wing had been swept off to sea in a storm and all that was left was rotten and greyed. The windows were boarded up, the shutters hanging on their hinges, the shingles on the roof had long since blown away. Years ago the paint had peeled and fallen off. The door was of oak, as strong and as firm as ever, and bolted on the inside to keep intruders out.

Being curious to see what it looked like inside, I cautiously peeked through the cracks of one of the boarded windows. For awhile I could see nothing, but soon I gradually began to make out things in the dark. The room was bare save for a great table in one corner with three chairs drawn up to it. On the floor there were shreds of thread, the last of what appeared to have been a rug. Everywhere there was dust, inches thick on floors, chairs, and table, looking like a soft mattress. It was a cold and barren looking room. I shivered and drew back from the window, suddenly realizing how dark it had become. I heard the rumble of thunder in the distance and quickly decided that I had better start home. Lightning shot across the sky and for a moment I could clearly see the house standing like a sentinel, guarding the cliff from the sea.

I turned once more before I reached the road. It stood alone, unconquered, silhouetted against the sky. Every spar, every beam, every piece of wood stood out sharply against the gray of the oncoming storm. The moon shone upon it, giving it a silvery sheen, that old deserted house. Then with a burst of thunder it was gone, a thick cloud covered the moon, and once again a fiery streak went soaring through the sky. Suddenly the rain came; it poured in torrents. I wheeled about and raced for home.

Anne Wennberg, 5C

WEARING A HAT

There are so many different kinds of hats and sometimes one woman has so many she does not know which one to wear for which occasion. She will collect a wardrobe of hats, one for town with a small black veil, one for cocktails with a large brim and ribbons, another frilly one covered with flowers and bows, and still one more for evening; but when it actually comes to wearing one, she will find that the town hat looks fine for funerals, that the large brimmed one "too summery" for winter cocktails and so on until she has enlarged her wardrobe to an alarming number of hats, but still finds it difficult to choose when the time comes.

The people that are the funniest when it comes to wearing hats are those who turn up in the most ridiculous looking creations possible and keep a perfectly "dead-pan" face! The kind of hat I think is ghastly many people admire, for instance a scarlet poppy jutting out from a rhinestone mass attached to an emerald green hat! I once heard of an overdressed lady attending a dinner party in a broad brimmed black satin hat with white plumes cascading down the front. Every time that woman took a deep breath the feathers flew up her nose! She got quite frustrated and kept pushing them away, but they always came back more violently.

I think the definition for a hat is something that a woman craves, and something which the man raves! (about the price of!)

Carolyn Strauss, 5C

A LONELY JOURNEY

On most journeys people are happy and anxious to reach their destination. A long journey may seem lonely, if travelling alone, but one is always consoled by the prospect of a new country and new people.

There is one journey, however, which is not so happy and full of anticipation. Even if one is taking it with companions it still is lonely. This is the Journey from bad to good; it is a Journey in which nobody wants any part of you, and the friends or people you meet aren't going to be the ones you would like to make your best or only friends for a very long time. You have a room all to yourself with a small window on the far wall. You look out this window, and the view is just the same as the last time you looked. It is not the beautiful countryside with its tall majestic trees reaching upward or the little saplings peeping enviously at the sun from the foot of these giants, nor do you see the clear blue sky that makes your heart leap with happiness to be a part of this world. How could it when all that is in your heart is a raging storm as you stare blankly at the bars ahead of you?

During this journey there is time to think—plenty of time—and your thoughts aren't of happy things, but just of regret. "Why did I have to be so foolish? Why, why did I do it? I could have skipped the whole thing and be out holding an honest job. Now I am paying my debt to a society which I shall never be part of again. My wife will suffer even more than I; she has never done a bad thing in her life and look how I've ruined it. She and Davey—only five years in this world, not even old enough to know right from wrong.

"If only I could see you again, Davey, just to tell you. 'Be good,' I'd say, 'be good Davey. You're free Davey, not caged up like an animal. You have the whole world under your feet; I have fifty square feet. You see Davey, you must take life as it is and not try to get ahead of yourself. We're not rich, Davey, and never will be. But you, some day my boy, if you stick to school and work hard you'll never have to steal. Remember one thing—the law is on your side. Break it, and it will break you. I know. Davey, I broke it and now I am paying for it with the longest hardest journey of my life, and it doesn't end here, no sir! I'll be just as long reaching back into that society to which I once belonged'."

Lilias Ahearn, 6 Matric

THE HERRING FLEET

Flags in coloured array,
Hearts with eagerness pounding,
The ships are ready,
Crews prepared.
The quay with people thronging,
The women in their Sunday-best,
Their caps so white and starched,
Their cheeks so red,
Their smiles so broad
So gay their happy talk.
The children—here and ev'rywhere—
Pound and leap with joy,
Yet still a little envious:
Their brothers—they can go!
A cannon pounds,
The gangplank heaves,
The breeze fans up the flags,
A shout goes up: Hurray! Hurray!
The herring fleet sails out today,
Now spring is surely here.

Elisabeth van Schelle, 6 Upper

THE BRITISH MONARCHY AS A SYMBOL

Last week as I stood in the crowd waiting to catch a glimpse of Canada's Queen as she passed on her way to open Parliament, I began to realize the full importance of our Sovereign's duties. Today, Queen Elizabeth the Second, Queen of the British Commonwealth, has no political power over her people. The power that was so majestically held by her ancestors has disappeared, and today she stands as a figurehead to the nations of the world.

Yearly a member of the British Royal Family visits one of the members of the Commonwealth or a friendly ally to strengthen the bonds and to promote

good will with our allies.

History was made this autumn of Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Seven for it was the first time a reigning British Sovereign had opened Canada's Parliament. Queen Elizabeth's visit to Canada's capital helped strengthen the belief in the existence of the Commonwealth.

At home our Sovereign's duties are varied. She must open hospitals, give audiences to visiting dignitaries, receive credentials of new foreign missions and every day examine thoroughly the state boxes. The latter duty she does every day wherever she may happen to be. Each year her prime ministers of the Commonwealth gather together in London for trade, defence and economic discussions. The Sovereign must entertain them during their visit.

There are many other duties that our Sovereign must perform; I have mentioned only a few. To be a Sovereign is no easy task and not a position to be desired. The Sovereign is a servant of her people, who is constantly in demand and must be gracious and tactful at all times. A stern requirement of the crown is duty and self-denial.

Jean Garvock, 6 Matric

A SYMBOL

Stone, and only stone has proved durable enough to have preserved the life history of Kamah-Ramses. Thousands of years have yellowed and turned to dust any histories written on papyrus. Yet the awful image and terrible personality of this man are vividly portrayed by the realities of his Tomb, its greatness and indestructibility, the hieroglyphics which make up its interior, chiseled there to remain forever as testimony to himself.

Kamah-Ramses—Son of God, God of the Sun, the All-Powerful. To prove it Ramses had forty million subjects in whose fate he had no interest but to use their lives to immortalize himself. Born of dust, a common child, wet, weak and helpless he came into the world. Dry, dead and still helpless, he left it.

His most admirable and productive years were those in which he had duties to perform for someone else. His youth and his years of training gave him hunger for power, for then he did not have power. It was then he conceived the idea of immortalizing himself in stone, in the great pyramid of Gizeh. From his youth he administered his territories with an incomparable iron fist. Self-preservation was not his personal problem, but he ruled one of the most fantastic military forces of all time, some twenty million to defend his country from the Asiatic hordes and take in the riches of anyone and everyone within reach of this army. When his power was secured, he turned his millions and millions of slaves to the construction of a tomb which would forever commemorate and make his presence felt from the earth.

A mathematical marvel, a mammoth mausoleum, a shrine which swallowed the lives of tens of thousands of men through seven generations, still confounds the imagination of men today who can only guess how its building was achieved. Yet it marks the burial ground of only a common man, thousands of years ago, returned to the dust from which he came.

Lynne Castonguay, 6 Matric

PUBLIC APPEARANCE

I am a four-year-old daschund, and would like to relate to you the strangest experience of my life!

First of all, I shall introduce myself (as is only proper, even in dogdom). My name is Ruddy; full name, "Catamount of San Souci"; and I was born into an aristocratic family of five dogs. We are very proud of our family tree, since my grandfather was the International Champion, and all my ancestors were champions.

When I came to live with the Ryans, I began to wonder if I was not the black sheep of my honorable family. Here were my cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers and sisters all being entered in dog shows and making successful careers for themselves, and I was only a common house-dog.

One spring day a letter arrived announcing a dog show to be held in Rockcliffe, to help the "Save the Children Fund."

In the weeks that followed I was given extra special brushings, diets, exercise and training, until one day my owners packed me off in the car. This was indeed a rare treat, but I wondered as to the occasion. No sooner had I begun to enjoy myself than we stopped, and got out to see a beautiful estate with spacious, rolling lawns. My mistress, with an armful of paraphernalia (such as combs, lanolin, kleenex, scissors, leashes and camera) led me to a secluded spot on the grounds.

Immediately I sensed this was not a normal event. Everywhere were strange dogs of varied descriptions. Big dogs, little dogs, shaggy mongrels, polished poodles, yapping novices and calm veterans.

Before long I was led into a roped-off area by my mistress, was expected to walk around and around, and to stand perfectly still while a strange man (whom I did not trust worth a stale biscuit) examined my paws, teeth, stance and build. This process was repeated several times, and each time The Man would hand a ribbon or silver spoon to my mistress.

This was all very confusing, and matters became worse when a crowd of human-beings began to crowd around and look me over.

The climax came when I was put in a ring with a dozen or more dogs. We all just stood around quietly, wanting to become acquainted but to no avail. Back we went to the old routine of standing still.

Suddenly a kindly lady beckoned to my mistress to come forward with me. Before I knew what was happening, I was lifted high up onto a table between The Lady and my mistress. Men held up black boxes to their faces. The Lady presented my mistress with a large silver bowl, and blinding lights flashed from the boxes. All at once people started rushing towards us—a move which though flattering, was most bewildering.

This memorable day ended pleasantly with my first meal from the Silver Bowl. I had made the grade as Show Dog at last.

Holly Ryan, 5B2

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION

Is it right to feel all but you
Are wrong not believing the way you do?
Whenever you start to feel that way,
Remind yourself to think and say,
"They believe in God and Jesus Christ
Who gave his life as a Sacrifice."

"They believe in the Lord and his Mother too,
Though not perhaps in the sense you do.
They may not pray to God through her,
But remember God is everywhere.
They believe in God, the One in Three
That's called the Holy Trinity."

"It makes no difference how you pray
As long as you do it every day.
God thinks all Religions contains some right,
And He would think it wrong to fight
Over which religion is the best,
For you see, God is not prejudiced."

So follow his path and be like Him,
All Religions are good whatever the name
Whether Protestant, Catholic or Jew
Believe the way God wants you to.
Decide what for you is the best
Be like Him, not prejudiced.

Heather Hayley, 5C

LONELINESS

Into the dark night he walked, alone. The snow lashed at his face and matted in his hair. His once young face was destroyed by deep furrows of pain, sorrow and weariness. His narrow shoulders, clad in brown, sagged heavily, and his poorly shod feet trudged onward through the thick carpet of snow. His eyes, in the past laughing, now tired, glanced furtively at the threatening sky. The street was deserted and an occasional street lamp illuminated the driving snow and cast eerie, quivering shadows in the semi-darkness. The forceful north wind howled and raged, whisking the snow up from beneath his feet and whirling it about him. He staggered, and great wells of tears flooded his deep-set eyes and trickled down his frozen cheeks.

"What's the use?" he cried aloud. "I am alone now. Freida has gone . . . long ago . . . there is no one . . . no one." He wept brokenly and sagged on a snow caked barrel. "There could be no more for me . . . nothing . . . no one cares now . . . I . . . I have been left by myself."

He paused, he listened, he heard, and suddenly in serene silence he dragged his tired body to a standing position. His hunched shoulders straightened, his head went up, and he smiled. Gone were the lines and in their place was a shining radiant face. He recalled a verse he had learned many decades ago, and as he whispered the words his eyes shone with a new conception.

"Upon the breast of new-created earth
Man walked, and whereso'er he moved,
Alone or mated, solitude was not.
He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice
of God."

He took a step forward bravely, then another. The wind, snow, and cold enveloped him as he disappeared

into the blackening night. All that could be seen were his footsteps. On he walked, but he was not alone.

Joan Grier, 6 Matric

Tell me, why do I tick as I do,
And not at all as you;
Why do I love
The people you detest;
Why do you love
The people I abhor;
Why do you say "yes"
When I say "no";
Why do you turn back
When I would go ahead;
What is it that makes me
Tick as I do
And not at all as you?

Elisabeth van Schelle, 6 Upper

THE PLAY AND I

It is difficult to realize that another ten years have quietly passed away, and once again history is about to repeat itself. There is a stirring amongst the people as I awaken with the creaking of my boards. I hear gales of laughter and chatter—it is almost like a family reunion. As if from a long dream Oberammergau seems to awaken because only at this time does such intense excitement fill the air.

How extraordinary to think that this all started five decades ago in 1634 (it is now 1680) because of the disastrous plague which fell over Germany with a menacing pall. My villagers, terrified of the deadly plague, made a vow to God that if they escaped this catastrophe, every ten years they would relive the life and death of Christ in the form of a passion play. The disaster of the plague turned out to be a blessing in disguise because it made my little, insignificant village world-famous, and also in their hour of need the people turned to God. God heard and answered my villagers, and as a result they have been living a more religious life.

I am known as an open-air theatre and hold from five to six thousand people, though generally many more come. The spectators make a wonderfully magnificent sight as they come from all corners of the earth, and a great many attend wearing their colourful national costume.

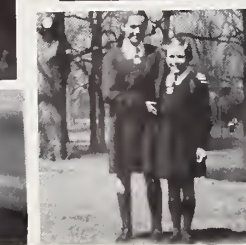
The cast is chosen when the player is at the early age of seven so that he may be trained to follow and study the life of Christ. It consists of about three hundred and fifty actors who take part on me and also an orchestra and chorus of eighty. They naturally perform only in the summertime, as they are all obliged to attend to their various ways of earning a living to support their families and themselves during the rest of the year.

The Passion Play is a long performance and is presented for twelve consecutive Sundays beginning at eight in the morning and often not finishing until four in the afternoon.

For me it is ever inspiring to feel and know how much the preparation and presentation of the Passion Play means to the players themselves. For them it must be a wonderful life work, that they should be the medium of bringing to the hearts of thousands the life and death of our Lord.

Julia Kingstone, 5B1





Junior Literary Section

MY FAVOURITE COUNTRY

My favorite country and my home is Sunny South Africa. Here nature rules alone and unexcelled. It is a land of infinite beauty, of deep inspiration, of unchanging character. Here it is that the largest of all game reserves, the "Kruger National Park" lies. If one were to visit this unforgettable chapter of nature one would meet the lion—The King of Beasts. This is to the tourist and visitor one of the most wonderful of all experiences.

And meeting the crocodile, elephant and other game is not a small thing either.

It is more than seeing them (for in a zoo these animals can be viewed too)—it is meeting them in their wild state, unchanged for centuries. *This* is the thrill of South Africa—the thrill that stands above all others in the hearts of true South Africans.

Gail Fincham, Upper 4B

The First Snowfall

A winter's rain which through the night
Changed to snow so soft and white
Made the park into a grand
Frosty fairy wonderland.

Snowflakes falling to the ground
Making not a single sound,
Where you fall throughout the day
Children will tomorrow play.

Lalage Wright, Upper 4B

SPRING

When Spring is near
And skies are clear
The birds are sailing round.
The Little Stream
With pebbles gleam,
The trees stand all around

And in the spring
The robins bring
Their families back again.
The beautiful butterflies wings
(Which are really lovely things)
Are floating in the air.

Patricia Arnold, Upper 4B

ESSAY CONTEST

Before Christmas we had an essay contest inspired by the Queen's visit. The winners of prizes were Valerie Pulker, Form II, Michelle Betts, Lower 4B, Marilyn Ross, Lower 4B, Ruth Petrie, 5A, Jean Garvock 6 Matric. The winning essays of the two youngest girls are printed below.

OUR QUEEN

The Queen is beautiful. She wears rich clothes, and is almost always smiling. She has a handsome prince too, and when I saw them I thought it was just like a fairy tale. All the time the Queen was in Ottawa the sun was shining and the weather was trying to be fit for a Queen. We were all so sorry when she had to leave us, but we were glad she could come to visit, and we hope she will come again. We should be proud of our Queen and do our best to make her proud of us.

Valerie Pulker, Form II

THE QUEEN VISITING OTTAWA

There was a great crowd at Uplands Airport when the Queen's plane was due to arrive. When the plane landed on the tarmac, the people were shouting and waving their flags. The doors of the plane opened, and the suspense of the crowd was greater in every minute that the doors were kept open. At last the Queen appeared, no longer the fairy tale figure that she was in books, though still beautiful. The Queen that faced us now was more aged than we had even seen her before, but nevertheless she smiled at the crowd and the people around her. After the ceremony that the Queen went through the Governor-General escorted her to the car that was especially made for her Majesty. She was driven through the streets that were closely packed with people cheering loudly as the Queen appeared, and drove past. Many people were near Government House and saw the Queen go in.

The next time the Queen came out was Sunday to go to church. She wore a white dress and a white hat. The Queen opened Parliament for the first time on Monday. The Queen had on her coronation dress and a glittering tiara made of diamonds. The most lovely ceremony, I thought, was when the Queen left. It was sad but it struck awe in the hearts of the people.

Michelle Betts, Lower 4B

MY DOLL

Christmas brought me a fairy doll.
Slim and graceful and very tall,
Round and round and round she'll go,
"Arabesque" and "tippy-toe."

Mardie Aldous, Lower 4B

SKIING

Skiing is a lot of fun;
In the winter it is done,
Down the hill we swiftly go,
Sometimes falling in the snow.

Climbing up the great big hill,
Half way up and then you spill,
When you get up to the heights,
You can see some wonderful sights!

Audrey Loeb, Lower 4B

THE FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

The twittering of birds, the quacking of ducks, the crash of ice pushing out of inlets and harbours, and the gurgle of water rushing down narrow ditches, are some of the wonderful sounds which accompany the arrival of the first season of the year, Spring!

Spring is a season when some of the most fascinating things which mother nature can create come forth. Trees, which a few weeks ago appeared dead and dry, suddenly break forth with tiny new buds on their branches, and the grass turns from a dull brown to a soft green. Animals which slept all winter come out of hibernation, and again roam the hillsides. The thick masses of ice, which for the last few months have blocked inlets, harbours, rivers, lakes, and streams, gradually begin to thaw, and flow lazily downstream. The flowers' tiny green leaves push their way through the soggy earth, hoping for a bit of warmth from the sun. The cries of birds fill the air, and on the rivers, ducks bob up and down in the white-capped waves, as they paddle along near the shore in search of nesting grounds. A few weeks later the flowers open from their protection of green leaves, and the tiny buds which covered the tree branches burst, and soft fresh green leaves appear.

The melting of the snow causes the rivers to rise, and streams and creeks overflow their banks, as large torrents of water rush downstream. Logs, dead branches and even the odd chunk of ice, force their way over rocks, flooded country roads, and bridges, as they go downstream.

On rivers and lakes, cottages which for the past eight months were boarded up and seemed dead, gradually seem to come alive, or open again, as their owners take off the dark shutters, which protected the windows and doors against the harsh winds of winter. Even the odd boat may appear, as eager people, tired of the cold dark winter, venture forth to picnic grounds. Although it appears as if winter is gone and the warmer weather has arrived, wet snow flakes, cold winds and grey skies are often the forecast.

But soon warm days, blue skies, and the hot sun,

are here for a few months, and the wonderful season of spring is over for another year, and the second season, Summer, comes forth to reign for a few months.

Mary Jane Reynolds, 4A

SKATING

The sun shines on the snow outside
The ice will bear my weight
And I am going out today
To skate and skate and skate.

I'll sweep the snow and clear a rink
And work with might and main
And when I'm tired of skating
I will come back home again.

Alexandra Burke-Robertson, Lower 4B

SPRING

Spring is here;
With lots of cheer
The birds are back again.

The robin sings;
The sparrow brings
The good news of the year.

Bonnie Walker, Lower 4B

A RIVER SCENE

I am standing in the twilight on the river side. It is all very quiet and still. In the distance you can see the vast ocean. You see the light of the lighthouse flash now and again. If you look down in the dark, still waters of the river, you may see one or two fish gliding about silently in search of food. Once or twice you hear the faint tu-wit-tu-whoo of the owl softly calling. If you look on the other side of the river which is forest, you may see the glow-worm shining brightly in the darkness.

All at once a big liner can be heard. At once all around me is alive with people. They are scurrying here and there. Now you can see the ship. As you look at it, lights go on and people start coming up on deck to have a first view of Canada. From somewhere I can hear a voice saying, "Make way there, make way for the Captain." Slowly people go away. At last all is calm as before.

Michelle Betts, Lower 4B

School Calendar

September 10—School re-opened
October 11—Thanksgiving Weekend
November 1—Halloween Parties
November 8—House Dance
December 2—Christmas Examinations began!
December 12—Christmas Examinations
were finished
December 15—Boarders' Carol Service and Tea
December 16—House Collections
December 17—Juniors' Christmas Play
December 18—School Concert and Christmas Supper
Boarders Pyjama Party
December 19—Christmas Holidays Began
January 9—School re-opened
January 30—Junior Skating Party

January 31—Free Day
February 1—Informal Dance
February 16—Confirmation Christ Church
Cathedral
February 21—Midterm Holiday
March 8—Formal Dance at Country Club
March 17—House Plays
March 21—Physical Training Demonstration
March 26—Easter Holidays Began
April 10—School Re-opened
May 2—Final House Dance
May 19—Victoria Holiday
May 20—Final Examinations Began
June 6—Closing

Exchanges

Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.
King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Lower Canada College, N.D.G., Montreal, P.Q.
Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario
Rothsday Collegiate School, Rothsday, N.B.
Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
Bishp Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
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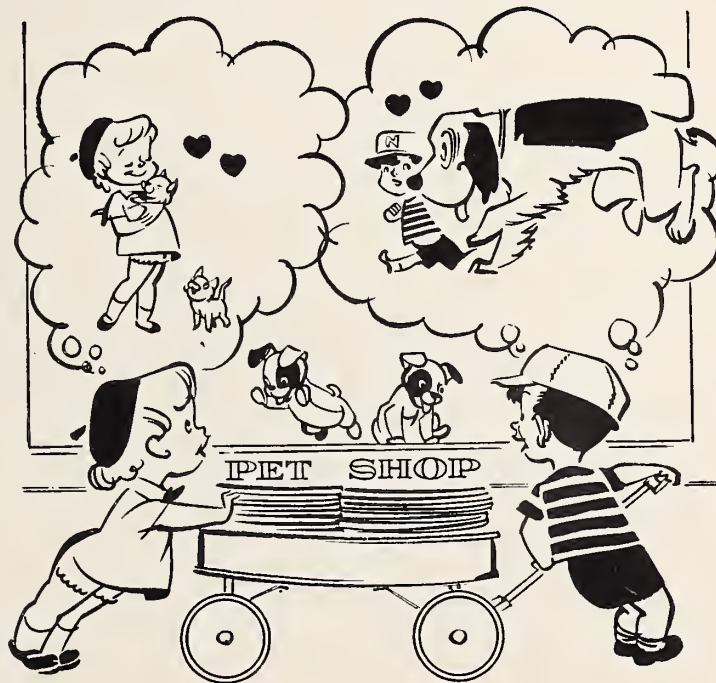
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